Lillie Pozer
417 [illegible]

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIII., No. 9. MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1898. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

The Worship of the Bromo in Java.

(By W. B. D'Almeida, in 'Frank Leslie's Magazine.')

A few years ago I found myself in Java, and being very anxious to see the remnant of Brahminism in this island, I was advised to see their great festival, the worship of the Bromo. This ceremony is so called, because on a certain day in October the Brahmins assemble in large numbers in the extinct crater of the Bromo, to propitiate the evil genius whose groans, as they term it, are heard from the only portion of this volcano which remains in an active state.

To this presiding genius, known to them as the Pungooroo Gunong, or keeper of the mountains, fruit and poultry are offered in abundance, and when we heard his growling at the guest-house at Tosari, about fifteen miles away, one of our servants remarked that it was the way the evil spirit manifested his desire for human flesh. To come to Tosari from Surabaya is a distance of at least seventy miles or more. Tosari is in the range of a wild mountain district, green with vegetation, at an altitude of 4,000 feet above the sea level.

Early in the morning our party of eight —three Europeans and five natives—made a start for the Bromo. After passing through endless fields on the mountain slopes covered with European vegetables as luxuriant as they are at home, and continuing on our way for some miles over a winding road through a picturesque country, we reached the flagstaff mountain. Here the green slopes give way to a tall, yellow grass, to bushy, prickly shrubs and plants, spreading out like beautiful rhododendrons bearing delicate pink flowers.

A ride of a mile and a half further brought us to the foot of the Mungal—another high cone—where we dismounted and walked to the top, whence we had a bird's-eye view of the enormous extinct crater at our feet, said to be the largest in the world, being about four or five miles in diameter. The sketch only gives a very small portion of the entire circumference. Beneath us was the Dasar, or floor of the crater, called also, from the wrinkles on the surface, which resemble a sea bed at the ebb of the tide—the Sagara Wadi, or Sand Sea. This seemed but a short leap from where we stood, so we were, therefore, surprised to be told by Van Rhee that it would take a quarter of an hour to descend.

Our descent on pony-back proved to be rather difficult, for the path was very slippery and the way narrow, being cut out or excavated in the mountains. The earth on each side was composed of clay and sand, veined with lines of chalk as we approached 'the floor,' this changed to charred stone, gravel and cinders. We set our ponies, which resembled wild Arabs, over a sandy desert, at full speed, and in a short time reached a spot about a mile from the actual Bromo, or active volcano, from which issued dense smoke and a wild deafening noise. At this spot we saw a large number of people assembled in groups, who were eating and praying, or chatting, laughing and singing. In the crowd walked the Wodonos and Mantries—that is, heads of small villages or districts—gaily dressed, with their burnished krisses glittering amid the folds of their sarongs, or large piece of colored silk hanging over the skirt from the waist; while behind each was seen a small retinue, some carrying long spears, and one of whom bore a large gilt umbrella. There were also Arab vendors of amulets, charms, and vials of dye for the eyelids and for the nails.

A large space was devoted to the offerings, chiefly of fruit, hung on wooden stands, and baskets of poultry, and on one side were spread about twenty mats, on which were

PROPITIATING THE SPIRIT OF THE VOLCANO.

patriarchal and juvenile-looking priests, kneeling in the Arab fashion, their bodies partly resting on the calves of their legs. Before them were small boxes containing sandal-wood, frankincense, and spices for sale or for burning in small wooden censers, and a basket of finely plaited rattan containing water, and near it a goupillon, or holy-water sprinkler, of rolled-up banana leaves with flowers fixed on the top. Behind each pondita, or priest, sat a boy holding a large payong, or umbrella.

The priests wore white robes or gowns over the usual skirt, fastened round the waist by a broad red belt. Over the shoulders hung down two stoles of yellow silk, bound with scarlet tassels and coins fringing the ends. A large turban ornamented with

kerchiefs of brilliant colors completed their head-dress. At some signal or sign, the crowd gathered before the priests and laid their offerings before them in humble adoration and loud prayers, and each priest dipped his bunch of flowers into the holy water and sprinkled it on the pineapples, bananas and other fruits, and on the accomplishment of this ceremony one heard shouts of 'Ayo! ayo! Bromo!'—'Forward to the Bromo!' and the tide of human beings made a rush for the volcano—the first who reached it being sure 'to be favored by fortune.'

Sinking ankle deep in the sandy slopes under a burning sun we at length reached the rugged ridge of the volcano. The crater is about three hundred feet in diameter, sloping downwards to a depth of fully two hundred feet. The interior basin is rocky and rough, and crusted over with deposits of sulphur, and the floor below it is also coated thickly with red and yellow substance. From about the centre issued dense volumes of smoke. Enormous cakes of red earth, like baked mud, which crumbled at the touch, lay about in masses on the ridge and sides of the crater. All the priests having attained the summit, prayers were said, after which they handed the offerings to their owners, who hurled cocoanuts, cakes, fruit, coins, and even live poultry into the yawning gulf. After this ceremony the people descended to the plain below and amused themselves with games, dances, throwing stones for luck over a pyramidal mound, and also in scrambling for chickens thrown up in the air, to be caught or torn to pieces by the scramblers.

I have avoided going into particulars about the volcano. Suffice it to say that it is about thirteen miles in circumferance, and it is considered one of the largest volcanoes in the world.

Dr. James H. Brookes.

(Reminiscence by the Rev. E. Payson Hammond.)

The late Dr. J. H. Brookes, editor of 'The Truth,' was one of the ardent workers in the meetings which I conducted in St. Louis, in 1875, when, as the result of God's blessing, between five and six thousand joined the different churches. I believe he will meet many in heaven whom he then pointed to Jesus.

When I was at his residence, recently, he told me the following touching story, showing how God at that time blessed the verse from Isa. xliv., 22, 'I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins.'

Dr. Brookes was asked to conduct the funeral services of a gentleman whose name had never been mentioned in his presence. Arriving at the house into which death had entered, he was ushered into a large room where the body lay in a coffin, surrounded by a number of acquaintances and friends. He glanced at the dead man, but had no recollection of ever having seen him, and wondered why he had been requested to be present.

In a little while he was conducted to another apartment to see the widow, who at once explained why she had sent for him in her sorrow. She told him, with tears, that it was her husband's wish to have him present at the burial, because he, the minister, had spoken to him two or three times during the progress of the great revival more than seven years before.

'I have forgotten all about it,' was the reply, 'and have no recollection whatever of seeing your husband at any time. But amid the number with whom conversation was held during the meeting, it is not strange that memory fails to recall one whom I did not know.'

'I am not sure,' she said, 'that your words helped him out of darkness and distress into the light and liberty of the Gospel, but the Word of God did it in a marvellous way.'

Then asking her sister to bring the family bible, she took from it a little slip of paper on which was printed a single verse. 'A lady,' she continued, 'whom I had never seen before, and whom I have never seen since, approached us, one evening, as we were leaving the building, and gently asked my husband to accept that little piece of paper, and then she immediately disappeared, and I should not know her if we were to meet again face to face.'

At this Dr. Brookes took the paper, and read the words: 'I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins.' (Isa. xliv., 22.) Just beneath on the margin was written, 'March 4, 1874.' The paper was cheap, and faded, and many such slips, with a verse of scripture could be purchased for almost nothing. Perhaps the lady who gave the text to the man had paid nothing for it, and it required very little effort to place it in his hand, but the fruit of so small a service will be seen while an eternity of glory endures.

'My husband,' said the weeping widow, 'was in deep gloom that evening, and told me it seemed he could never be saved. But when he reached home he thought of the paper, and taking it from his pocket he slowly read, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins." He was silent for a while; then turning to me with a trembling voice he asked if it could be true. I replied that it must be true because God said it in his Word, and after a moment more of silence his face lighted up with joy and he exclaimed, "I will sign my name to it as true, and true for me." From that moment all was peace, and he lived for more than seven years in the faith that God of his own grace had blotted out his transgressions and sins with the precious blood of Christ.'

Of course, the verse was the text of the funeral discourse, and those who were acquainted with Dr. Brookes know what a clear and earnest sermon, under these peculiar circumstances, he preached to those friends and mourners gathered around the coffin. Should we not all learn from this touching story the importance of heeding the words, 'be instant in season, and out of season,' (II. Tim. iv., 2)? No doubt the lady, as she sat near that man, observed that he was anxious about his soul, and so was led to hand him the verse quoted above. Had it not been for her thoughtful interest, the impression upon him might have been lost. She will probably never know in this world the result of that single act of loving service for the Master, but her soul will one day thrill with joy to find that at those union meetings at St. Louis she led at least one soul to Christ, whose blood cleanseth from all sin.—'The Occident.'

A Star for Her Crown.

There is no position so beset with temptation that God is not able to make his children more than conquerers even there. A writer to the 'Golden Rule' tells of the victory won by a Christlike life in a home where ignorance and vice seemed to reign supreme.

Josie L—— was a girl in her early teens when she was picked up by an earnest Sunday-school teacher, and induced to join her class. Several months after she came into the Sunday-school a series of revival meetings was held in the church, and, among others, Josie's heart was touched, and she seemed eager to begin a Christian life.

'But,' asked she, 'do you think that it will be of any use for me to try to be a Christian in such a home as mine?'

The answer was not far to seek for one who knows the riches of his grace. '"He giveth more grace,"' we said. 'He can enable you, dear child, to be faithful to him even where Satan's throne is. Take him, not only as Saviour, but as daily Keeper as well. And maybe he will use you as a light in that dark place to lead some other soul to himself.'

The little girl took us at our word, made a public confession of Jesus as Saviour, and became a member of the Church. The utmost faithfulness characterized her attendance upon the means of grace. She became one of the charter members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, and never missed a meeting.

Of course she met with abuse and opposition at home. The 'roaring lion' in his rage strove to stamp out her religion through persecution. But where the love of Jesus is in a human heart such things count for little.

And now comes the sequel. Months had passed by, and another series of evangelistic services was in progress in that church, when, one Sunday evening, as the preacher was about to begin his sermon, he saw the door open at the left-hand side aisle, and, to the surprise of all, in walked Josie with a stooped-shouldered old woman at her side. They walked half-way down the aisle taking a seat together.

It was Josie's mother. Truly the light had been shining in a dark place, and another had begun to walk in its blessed beams. All seemed to have been understood between them before coming to church; so that the sermon was not to be credited with what followed. As soon as the invitation was given the girl took her mother's arm, and leading her to the front seat, again sat down by her side. The girl's life had brought her mother to Christ; and when the stars find their places in the crowns to which they belong, one, at least, will be found brightly shining in Josie's crown of rejoicing.

Treasure.

(By Flora L. Stanfield.)

Sadly the rich man pondered—'How can I,
Knowing beyond all doubt that I must die,
Gather my wealth together in my hand,
So that, awaking in a fairer land,
It will be there to greet celestial sight?
Let skilful lapidaries bring the light
Of all their jewels to *me!*' and he chose
A brilliant diamond, cut like a rose
And worth a monarch's ransom. So he died
And in God's time awoke, and loudly cried:
'Where is my treasure? It was safe to-day
I must have lost it somewhere on the way.'
'Be comforted!' up spoke a shining one,
'Your treasure is intact; each good deed done,
Each penny given from your simple hoard,
When you had little; every struggle toward
The heights the blessed reach, all, all, are here.'
'But my lost diamond!' 'I surely fear,'
Said the stern angel, 'that the bit of dross
You call a diamond, will prove a loss
Beyond retrieval.' There the rich man sighed
And turned away, but suddenly espied
A tiny globe of light; 'Ah, here!' he said,
'Here is my jewel!' and a glory spread
Over his visage; but the angel smiled:
'That is the tear-drop of a starving child
To whom you ministered; a banished tear
Is called a diamond by dwellers here.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Nine Years in Corea.

A TALK WITH MR. JAMES S. GALE.

Mr. James S. Gale, who was for nine years a missionary in Corea, was recently interviewed about that country by a representative of 'The Westminster.' Part of the interview is as follows:

'Corea is no longer the "hermit nation,"' he said. 'The war between China and Japan changed all that, and now the doors are open and the minds of the people may be reached. They are a strange, easy-going, interesting race, so little touched by the ways and manners of the outside world. In appearance they are akin to the Mongols, while their spoken language is more like the Japanese. The Coreans are less industrious than the Chinese and less demonstrative and excitable than the Japanese. They dearly love to take things easy. Anything like haste is foreign to their nature. Everything goes on as in patriarchal times, and Methuselah himself had no more spare time than the average Corean of to-day.

A COREAN GENTLEMAN.

'They think westerners are utterly barbarous. To them the chief thing is pleasing people. Truth in speech is not of first importance. Our direct, frank way of saying what we mean is to them pitiable.

'Yes, there are social customs as rigid as are to be found anywhere. Their system of "honorifics," according to which one must speak disrespectfully of one's self and approvingly of one's questioner, is peculiar and troublesome. You are asked, "How is your honorable house?" and in reply you must speak of your "depraved hovel."

'Educationally they are like the rest of the Orientals, only less advanced. Their study is confined to the "classics," and is purely memory work. Their written language is addressed only to the eye. Their spoken language, an entirely different thing, is not written, and the literary classes are strongly opposed to having anything written in the language of the masses.'

Speaking of the language brought to mind the services Mr. Gale himself has rendered in his translations, and by the preparation of the first Corean-English dictionary ever published. He had a copy of the dictionary with him—a good piece of book-making of nearly twelve hundred large pages. It represents prodigious toil, unwearying patience, and great linguistic scholarship. Competent scholars in the East have spoken in the highest terms of the work, and this great service is creditable, not only to Mr. Gale, but also to Canada.

The translation of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' in the colloquial is most interesting. It is printed and bound after the Chinese style, and illustrated from drawings made by a Corean under Mr. Gale's direction. In these drawings everything is Corean. The pilgrims, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, even Apollyon himself, have all the slant eyes and characteristic features and dress of the natives. In answer to a question Mr. Gale said:

'The Corean mind delights in the allegorical, and not in abstract reasoning. The "Pilgrim's Progress," is therefore the most read book of a Christian kind in the country. It is really very useful. Its stories and pictures are much more convincing than any argument would be. And the thought of Bunyan is quite level to their comprehension. To the native Christians the immortal allegory is a source of perpetual delight.'

The conversation turned then to social affairs, and Mr. Gale told how the clan idea prevails in Corea. 'There is really no family life in our sense, the clan being the unit, and the clansman, the senior member, a sort of little king. Marriages are arranged and recorded between the clans. Their most important gatherings are around the graves of their ancestors, whom they worship, and to whom sacrifices are offered.'

'How is their religion differentiated from that of China'

'In Corea the dominant religion is Confucianism. There is only a slight sprinkling of Buddhism. They are all ancestor worshippers like the Chinese, although they have had no dealings with outside nations for over a thousand years. Their religious system is less mixed and adulterated than is found in Manchuria. They have a notion of the great Creator, whom they call Hananim. We are able to make use of this idea in speaking to them of the true God, for they have no objectionable attributes associated with it, as the Chinese have. They have very few idols. But in every house is the ancestral tablet. This custom of ancestral worship is not unlike that described by Dr. MacKay in "From Far Formosa." Upon the death of a parent, for instance, a piece of wood, taken from the dark forest, is prepared, and into this the spirit of the departed is invited to enter. This tablet is set up in the home, and before it food is placed for the daily need of the dead. For three years the mourners are regarded as unclean.'

'Has this ancestor worship any bad effect on the people either socially or morally?'

'It is one of the intolerable burdens of heathenism. Many evils arising from it might be mentioned. One of these is early marriages. As it is looked upon as a grievous calamity to have no posterity, children are married off when very small. The results of this are only evil. Then, too, their superstitious regard for the dead make their sacred mountains and graveyards almost insuperable obstacles to progress. To them it is of first concern that their dead be buried in a propitious place. This place is found by professional "grave-finders," who hold the best land at high prices for burial purposes. A dead body cannot be buried until such a place is found, and I have seen a hundred of them propped up on sticks, waiting for burial. They are extremely careful in all these things, for their chief fear is that otherwise the prosperity of their family would be interfered with. And for the same reason they cannot go far from home, as they must be present at the annual gatherings to offer consecrated sacrifices.'

'Is Corea a hopeful field for missionary enterprise?'

'None more hopeful in the east to-day. The great China-Japan war broke up the century-built walls of custom and prejudice. The destruction of their tablets and the blotting out of their graves freed the people to a degree from their old-time custom of ancestor worship, and gave them a certain liberty of thought. Take the city of Ping-Yang next in importance to Seoul. Before the war it was the stronghold of heathenism. Again and again efforts were made to establish a mission there. The missionaries were checkmated in every way. The governor boasted that he would keep his city clean from Christianity. The native colporteurs were arrested and "paddled" until they were left for dead. Everything was done, contrary to treaty, to drive out the missionaries. But in spite of all the governor's boasting and defiance, it was only two weeks before the two contending armies came smashing into the city of Ping-Yang, and all that was ever found of the governor was his chair riddled with bullets. There is no more hopeful field in Corea. Mrs. Bird Bishop, who visited it, pronounced it the most hopeful from a missionary standpoint, to be found anywhere in the East. The attitude of the people has been visibly changed. Strange to say one of the great obstacles to work there was their misunderstanding of a verse in St. John's Gospel. The English reads, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man," etc. This, in the Chinese translation, was read by the Coreans, "Except ye eat the flesh of a man's child," and they thought Christians were cannibals. It was a long time before they could be made to understand. But now, Ping-Yang, with its population of 50,000, leads in Christianity as of old it led in the teaching of Confucius.'

AT HIS ANCESTOR'S GRAVE.

'Is there much room for extensive missionary work in Corea?'

'For their 12,000,000 of people there are only five central stations, two at the south, two at the north, and one in the centre. The country is open, and the need is great.'

Stepping Earthward.

(By Clara R. Bush, in S. S. 'Times.')

A resounding thump, thump, thump, a pause, and another thump, thump, thump. My friend looked up from his book and frowned. His glance asked a question, and I answered it.

'Yes, that is Mr. Jones mending his fence. From this window I can see Master Horace oiling his little waggon for a nutting excursion he is to take with his friends to-morrow. I can also see Mrs. Jones just inside the dining-room window looking over a bag of winter gloves, or something small.'

I realize the sadness of the scene, but nevertheless I smile at my friend's bewilderment, as he asks, 'They're not the same Jones family who lived there last summer? I have often recalled that family with considerable satisfaction. I know they all came to church together, and sat in one of the front pews, and the little boy kept his eyes on me all the time I was preaching, just as my own little Horace used to when he was that age.'

'Yes,' said I, 'they are said to be the same Jones family. They look very much the same, but, as you say, that Jones family observed the Sabbath, and this Jones family do not. However, I happen to be able to tell you what caused the change, and probably you can use the story to point some moral in sermon or Sunday-school talk. Mrs. Jones herself was speaking to me not long ago, of this very same thing, and said she intended to resume the old ways as soon as she could start Mr. Jones.

'The beginning was Horace's illness. He was very ill for three weeks, and they were too anxious and too busy to go to church. Of course, it would have been wrong to have gone when he might have been neglected in their absence. Then, when he recovered, the church was closed for two Sundays. Mrs. Jones says she felt particularly disappointed in being deprived of the services just then, as she wished to return thanks to God for the child's recovery in the church, where prayers were offered for him during his dangerous illness. By the time the minister returned,—you see five weeks had passed since they had attended church—the busy season in the store had begun, and Mr. Jones felt weary when Sunday came, and, having stayed at home five Sundays, he felt that it was really very much like work to dress and start off again promptly on Sunday morning. Mrs. Jones did not like to tease him to go, and she has an idea that she must stay at home whenever he is there. At first, she says, they tried to have the children go without them, but they would not; and so they all sat in the parlor together and studied the bible lesson, and Mr. Jones read a sermon from the weekly paper, and they enjoyed it all very much. Then the novelty wore off, and by degrees the lessons were given up, though they sat quietly and read some religious books. They told each other, Mrs. Jones says, that it was really more of a rest day, and seemed to them more like a holy day, than when they hurried away to morning Sunday-school and service, and then off again to second service. They thought that Mr. Jones was working hard all the week, and needed one quiet day at home. Mrs. Jones had her housework to do, and the weather was warm, and then she imagined that it was better for them all to stay together, and for one day at least to talk with one another. They imagined, too, that they studied the bible more closely at home, without the distraction of seeing friends and strangers.

'After a while they read out of doors, under the trees, and then walked around the grounds, and Mr. Jones would notice loose boards or dead branches, that needed attention during the week, but, being so busy, he would never think of these little repairs till Sunday came again. So then, with many mental excuses, he acquired the way of trimming the branch or replacing the board when they came to them. Then, as Mr. Jones became more interested in the Sunday tinkering, Mrs. Jones and Ida wandered off and left him and little Horace. When they went into the house Mrs. Jones would miss her husband, and wander through the rooms, and by degrees she became in the same manner engaged in attending to little things around the house that she could not find time for on weekdays. So, from step to step they went, till they have arrived where you find them this morning, deliberately and industriously working, without even a thought of the commandment they are breaking.'

'Yes, yes, I see,' said the good old minister, thoughtfully. 'It is like slipping down a mountain side. The only way to escape going to the bottom is to turn about with a quick, sharp dig of your heels into the first yielding ground. God is gentle and tender, but firm and decisive. He says, "Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day." There is nothing easier than finding a good excuse for staying away from church. The only way for the Jones family ever in this world to go back to church is to go with a rush, as it were. Can't you go over, and bring them all to church with you to-night? If they start any excuse, and say they will go next Sunday, tell them "next Sunday never comes. They are breaking the commandment of God himself so long as they refuse to keep holy the Sabbath.'

That was the minister's message to the Jones family. Are you one of the family?

Waiting.

(Ellen A. Lutz.)

Psalm xxvii., 14.

I left my burdens at his feet, and stood with empty hands;
Fain would I help the Master's cause, but lacked both gold and lands,
And though I had the will to work, no strength had I to guide
The plough of progress on its way along the mountain side.

My talent was so very small, I found no time or place,
Where such a feeble offering could do a work of grace;
The ranks were full of eager hearts, and hands outstretched in love,
To aid the weak, to cheer the faint, and point the way above.

Was there no little place for toil, when I so longed to be
A willing worker for my Lord, who wrought so much for me?
Seeking to know my appointed task, I found a precious word,
And now my heart finds perfect peace waiting upon the Lord.
—'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

God's own hand is pledged to guide me,
God's own strength my strength shall be,
Stronger are his angel legions
Than the devil and his crew;
E'en though backed by strong temptations,
Little harm can Satan do.
Confident such power will aid me,
And that Jesus holds me dear,
Can I feel a doubt of safety?
Can I tremble? Can I fear?
—From 'St. Patrick's Hymn.'

Wm. Dunn's Conversion.

The following extract from the autobiography of William Dunn, who has now been for thirty-four years a gospel temperance lecturer, tells of his conversion. It is from the London 'Christian Herald':—I now began to feel the craving for drink, having been without any for four or five hours. I made an excuse to leave the temperance hotel. The mother of the little boy suggested that I should go with her son to the ship, where she said I should be welcome, and I should spend a happy evening. I consented, thinking that when I got outside, I could get rid of my young guide. Thanking the woman for her kindness, I left in company with my little friend. At the corner of Marsh street I stopped, and was about to let go of the boy's hand, when the little fellow said, 'Do not be afraid, sir; come along with me; they won't hurt you.' I consented to the boy's request, and arriving at a dingy-looking old hulk, and following the boy, I found myself inside a large ship, fitted up with seats. I was introduced to a man with spectacles on; he was very kind, and took my hat, and, leading me into the after part of the vessel, gave me one of the best seats, It was not long before the place was full of people. Oh, how I longed to get out, and tried to do so; but the man with the spectacles was so very kind to me, that I was compelled to stay against my will. I soon found that I had got into a place where there was preaching; for the ship referred to is the old Bethel ship. I cannot tell all I felt when the sermon was going on; but at its close my hat was given to me, and the man with the spectacles shook my hand and invited me to come again. This I promised to do, but did not mean it. When I got out of the ship I had a hearty laugh at my adventures, and off I started for the City Concert Hall and Vaults. When I appeared at the bar of the same, there were thirty or more men and women drinking; there was a general shout of laughter at my appearance. Thinking to keep up the fun I took out my pledge-card, and called for peppermint; they laughed the more at this order. I then showed my card to the barmaid; she showed it to others. There was any amount of ridicule, my employer saying I could not keep it half an hour. One of my companions took the card, and swearing at it was about to tear it up; but I prevented him by snatching it out of his hand. To keep friends with me, he offered me a drink out of his glass of rum-and-water—the drink I loved the most; I took the glass and put it to my lips, when I fancied I heard the voice of the woman who had been so kind to me, saying, 'Try, my good fellow, and God give you strength to keep it.' I put the glass down, saying I did not intend to keep the pledge when I came in, but I had now made up my mind not to drink again. They laughed at me, and, feeling disgusted, I opened the door and left them, some calling me back; but I ran till I came to my lodgings, and, locking the door of the room, I went to bed, but not to sleep. There is no sleep for one cursed with the love of drink as I was. Morning came, and with it still the awful craving for rum. As I did not go out as soon as usual, my landlady brought me up a cup of tea. I told her that I wanted to break off drinking, and that I was afraid to trust myself out.

Night came, and with it my duties at the City Concert Hall, where I knew I should be surrounded with drink. I went to business and sang my first song, and came off the stage into the hall, where one of my drinking companions, who knew I was trying to break off drinking, offered me his glass after I had refused to drink with several. I took the glass out of his hand and threw it

away. He never offered me a glass afterwards. Each time I refused to take drink something seemed to say, 'Try, my good fellow, and may God give you strength to keep it.' My wife arrived in Bristol after I had been a teetotaller a fortnight, and was surprised at my refusing to take any drink; and she could not believe I had signed the pledge until I gave her the whole of my week's earnings; that was the best proof to her that I was a sober man. Never shall I forget the first Saturday night we went to market after my wife's arrival in Bristol, I bought a shoulder of mutton for Sunday's dinner. The butcher offered to send it home, which offer was declined. I went to the top of the 'Union Cellars,' where I had been in the habit of leaving the price of many a joint, and where one Sunday, soon after my arrival in Bristol, the landlady refused to let me catch a few drops of fat on a piece of bread that I had had in my pocket two or three days, telling me to get my own fat at home. I called out when I got to the top of the stairs, 'Missus!' She looked up and said, 'Aren't you coming down?' My reply was, 'No, I am going to get my own fat at home to-morrow,' at the same time showing her the shoulder of mutton, which was a nice one. Sunday came, and while my wife cooked the dinner it was arranged that I and my child should take a walk. We started, and as we were going past the Bethel ship I thought I should like to see what sort of a place it was now I was sober, not intending to stop. My daughter had new clothes and boots, and I wanted the people to know it; and, besides, we came out for a walk, not to hear preaching. Having once got inside of the Bethel, the man with the spectacles, who was always on the lookout, came and shook me by the hand, and said he was glad to see me, and he always thought I should come again, while a sailor took my little girl on his lap. The service began, and I heard that Sunday, in the old Bethel, what I had never heard before. In my sober moments I promised to attend again, which I did, and wondered at what I heard. The man with the spectacles asked me to attend again on the Monday night; but I told him I had to appear at the City Concert Hall, to sing a new song, at eight o'clock. He said I could attend the prayer meeting and go to my work afterwards. I went, and they sang a hymn; but I could not join in, as I did not know the tune. The hymn commenced with—

'In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.'

They all knelt down to pray. What I heard made me weep. I left just before eight, and went to the City Concert hall, I dressed for my song in turn. The character I had to take was a travelling drunken tinker, having a number of tin kettles strapped together, one on my head, a leather apron, etc. The music struck up. I appeared, but could not sing. The words, 'In evil long I took delight,' etc., came fresh to my mind. I stood spellbound for a few minutes. Then throwing the old kettles away I said, 'Friends, I have been deceiving you and myself for years, but, by God's help, I will deceive you no longer; I will learn to serve him, and him only will I serve. Good-bye.'

I left the stage that night, never to return to finish my six months' engagement. They at first said I was mad. That Monday night was a fearful one. The sufferings of my mind and body were terrible. All the sins of my mis-spent life rose up before my mind's eye, and the terror of the prospect made the sweat run down my face, and caused me to tremble from head to foot, and I cried 'God save me!'—I who had stood up in the company of blaspheming men called infidels, defying my God, and laughing at those who profess to believe in him. Now, calling upon him to save me, I went on to the quay, where the old Bethel ship was, in the hope of seeing someone who would speak to me of the mercies and love of the Saviour I had heard spoken of on the previous Sunday and Monday night at the Bethel. After walking about for some time I was glad to see Mr. S. Short, the seamen's missionary at the Bethel.

I told him of the night I had spent, and sufferings of my mind, and my desire to give my heart to God if he would accept it; but I felt I was too wicked. He spoke kindly to me and invited me to the Bethel ship, and went into a little house on the upper deck used by him as a study, and there he spoke of the Saviour's love for sinners, and his sufferings and death, and the cleansing power of Christ's blood. I fell upon my knees, sobbing aloud and wringing my hands, but all was darkness, before me, and I felt that there was no hope for me. I could not move from where I had fallen upon my knees, beside an old chair without a back, upon the hard deck. Mr. Short, seeing the great anguish of my soul, left me whilst I was crying, 'God forgive me, a poor sinner!' and went to the office of Mr. Gibson (of the firm of Mark, Witwell & Co.), and told him there was a poor sinner seeking mercy in the Bethel. Would he come here and pray with him? Mr. Gibson left his office and his business, and, coming to the place where I was kneeling, he prayed God to give peace to my soul, through the love he had for his dear son Jesus; and while we were all on our knees, I was led to feel that God for Christ's sake, had pardoned my sins through my believing in the all-atoning blood of the Lamb.

Home.

Sweet word that spans all space, that knows no bound,
Yet dwells in narrowest compass; welcome word!
Dear type of Peace—though sheltered by the sword;
Mid Saxon-spreading races only found.
Our earliest recollections all abound,
With little notes of thee; our years are stored,
With memories of thee; each spot adored,
By youth, in age becometh holy ground.
Thou clingest in the handgrip of the sire,
Thou meltest in the mother's tender kiss;
The wanderer longs to reach thee—guiding star
Of all his thoughts; like Israel's pillared fire
By night thou leadest him through childhood's bliss,
To that loved home he pictures from afar.
—Lord Rosslyn.

'Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased; now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry hosts, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.'
—Milton.

A Guilty Conscience.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Helen E. Rasmussen.)

Mrs. Martin stepped out of the store-room door on to the clay porch at the end of the long, grass house, and locked the door securely behind her. For it was down on the big Congo River, in Africa, and she knew by experience that everything possible must be kept under lock and key.

'I guess I'll go around the back of the house,' she thought, 'and then the baby won't see me and cry.'

For a part of the way there was barely room to walk, so she seldom went that way, but, as he did so, she caught sight of a piece of brown paper, folded and sticking in one of the palm ribs, which held the grass secure along the back side.

'I wonder what that can be?' she mused. 'Who could have put it there? I guess I'll look and see what it is.'

So she took it down and unfolded it, and found to her surprise, a little lump of butter inside. Now, butter costs sixty cents a pound on the Congo, and missionaries make a little of it go as far as possible. Mrs. Martin tried, as a rule, not to use more than one pound a month. But, even while the stealing of the butter was a grave offence, it looked so funny there in the brown paper that Mrs. Martin smiled.

'Which of the boys could have done this?' she asked herself. And then a bright thought struck her. 'I know how I'll find out. I'll just put it on the table without saying a word, and I can tell by the way the boys look at it which one is guilty.'

Then she turned the corner, and appeared on the back-end porch, where the tea-table was ready spread, and her guest waiting for her. But there were no boys in sight.

She laid the greasy paper down in the centre of the table, took her place, asked a blessing, and began to eat, chatting to her visitor about the news,

Not long after the little cook came along, glanced at the table, and passed by into the house. He saw the butter, but said to himself, 'The teacher must have brought it with his food for the journey.'

Mrs. Martin had noticed him and knew that he had never seen the paper before.

Soon the jack-wash came along the front porch, looking very dignified and the soul of innocence. She kept on chatting, and at the same time watched him closely. He, too, glanced at the table, and saw the butter, and the swift expression which passed over his face showed that he at least knew the paper and the butter, and had seen them before. But he passed on into the house for a few minutes, and then came out again and looked at the butter, and then at Mrs. Martin, and back at the butter. The expression of his face had now grown so funny that Mrs. Martin could not help but smile, and say:

'What is it, Matundu?'

'Nothing,' he replied, and turned away.

Soon after, he came back that same way, and looked so questioningly at the little paper that she said:

'You can have that butter, Matundu.'

He shrugged his shoulders.

'Kez' oleleko' ('I don't want it').

'Don't you like butter?' she asked. 'Take it.'

He took it, went out to the cook house, and she did not see him again.

An hour or so later, the little cook came up to her.

'Mamma, Matundu is very angry.'

'Is he?' she asked in surprise.

'Yes; he says that he didn't steal that but-

ter, and that he will not stay and be accused of stealing. He says he will take his book and go to town rather than be called a thief.'

Mrs. Martin laughed heartily.

'Why, I didn't call him a thief, nor accuse him of stealing. I only gave the butter to him, and asked him if he didn't like it. I did not even say that any one stole the butter. His conscience must be guilty.'

Matundu did not go to town, nor had he intended to go, for he knew that he was guilty.

'Be sure your sins will find you out.'—'E.S. Times.'

Ruth's Comfort.

(By Kate Sumner Gates.)

'I am so thankful that it is night,' said Ruth Marshall, with a sigh, as she sat down by Aunt Margaret's couch for a little talk. 'It has been such a long, tedious day, everything has gone wrong from beginning to end, and worst of all, Auntie, I have dishonored my Master.'

Ruth hid her face in the pillows and let her tears come as fast as they pleased. Aunt Margaret stroked the bent head tenderly for a few minutes; then she said, quietly: 'Tell me all about it.'

'Oh, there isn't much to tell. It has been all little things. Nora gave out sick, you know, and had to go to bed. There was bread to be baked, and the clothes were all sprinkled for ironing, and mamma had Miss Simmons here sewing. I burned my arm turning the bread in the oven; Kittie fell down in a mud puddle going to school, and had to come back and change her dress. Father forgot to order the meat for dinner, so I had to stop and go down to market, and Tom upset the pudding in the ice box. That finished me; I lost my temper utterly and completely. I don't know what I did say, I'm sure; but plenty of horrid things, no doubt, for I always am blest with a flow of language, Tom says, when I'm vexed. He just stood there as cool as could be, with that dreadful grin of his; and when I stopped to catch my breath, he said in his most aggravating tone. 'Don't leave anything unsaid, Peter.'' He has taken a notion of calling me Peter lately, because I'm so quick, and always seeing or doing something wrong. Oh, auntie, I know I do, but I do try so hard not to. I don't believe any one knows how hard I try, and I get so discouraged because I don't succeed any better. Sometimes I think I might just as well give up trying and be as "Peterey" as I want to be. What is the use of wearing one's self out trying to be what you never can be?'

'Peter is a saint in heaven now, my dear,' said Aunt Margaret.

Ruth raised her tear-stained face quickly. 'Is he?'

'Certainly, and there was much to admire and love in him even on earth.'

'But, auntie, that doesn't do me any good, for I am only like him in the unlovable ways. Just think how dredful it was for me to lose my temper so before Tom. I've been thinking about him, you know, and praying for him for weeks. He didn't say anything, but I know he thought a good many things. How can I ever say another word to him, when I'm such a dreadful failure?'

'You believe in the forgiveness of sins, do you not, Ruth?'

'Why—yes — of course,' answered Ruth, rather hesitatingly, as though wondering what would be Aunt Margaret's next question.

'Then, my dear, take this weary day to your heavenly Father, and tell him how very sorry you are for all its mistakes and failures. For Jesus Christ's sake, he will forgive them all, and make it white and clean. Isn't that a sweet, comforting thought? And more than that, he will give you strength to start again. Remember, you believe not only in the forgiveness of sins, but in the Father Almighty. He is mighty to save, and he will surely enable you to overcome and join the other Peter in heaven. We can do all things, you know, through Christ which strengtheneth us.'

'Thank you, auntie, dear, you have given me a good word,' said Ruth, with a grateful kiss.

She slipped quietly away to her room after leaving Aunt Margaret, and when she came out a while later, her face shone with a happy, tender light, very different from the troubled expression of the day. She went in search of Tom the first thing, and found him on the porch in a hammock.

'I just want to tell you, Tom,' she said, as she sat down beside him, 'that I am so sorry I lost my temper as I did this morning. Forgive me, please. I wish that I wasn't so quick and always doing wrong. I do truly love Christ, and I can't tell you how happy his love makes me. You mustn't judge all his followers by me, Tom, I'm such a failure. But I'm going to keep on trying, and sometime I do believe I will get the victory.'

Tom did not say anything for a few minutes. When he did speak there was a quiver in his voice, in spite of his best endeavor.

'I'm not so sure about your being a failure, Ruthie,' he said. 'I think your light shines pretty clear most of the time. Anyway, I've about made up my mind, if you will pray for me and help me along, that I'll try to be different myself.'

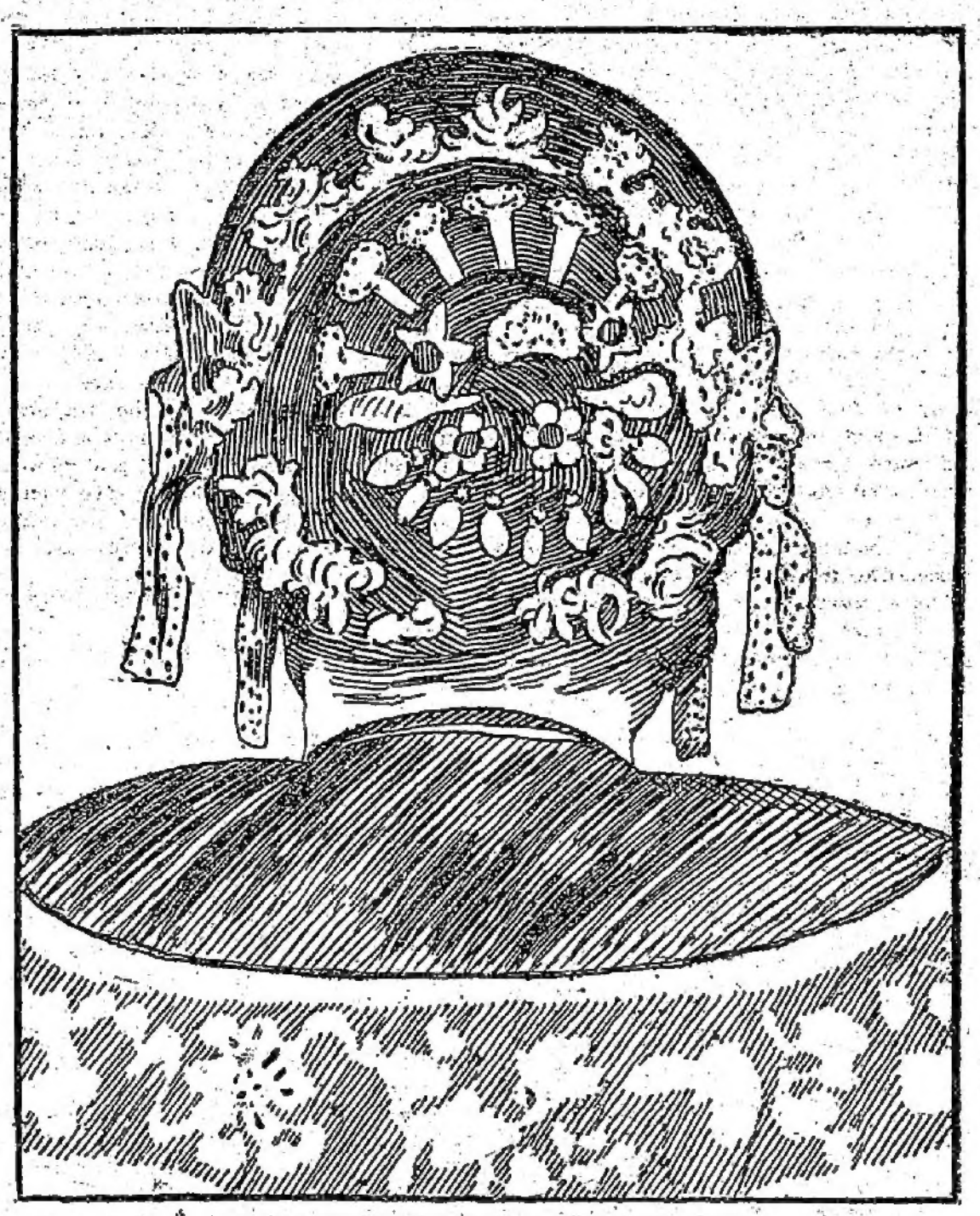
'Oh, Tom,' said Ruth, breaking down for the second time that night, 'we will help each other, won't we?'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Remarkable Chinese Headdress.

HOW A CHINESE BRIDE DRESSES.

The remarkable back-view of a lady's head here given shows how the ladies of China adorn their hair when they go to their marriage ceremony. Our picture is taken from a photograph, for which we are indebted to a famous Chinese missionary, the Rev. John McGowan.

When a man marries in China he seldom sees his bride until the wedding ceremony takes place. The lady, however, is anxious that he should be impressed with her beauty, and, in accordance with the custom of Western races, attires herself in sumptuous robes of silk, rich in color and decoration. Then, having dressed her hair with ornaments and flowers in the fashion shown in our picture, she is ready for the marriage ceremony.—'Sunday Companion.'



REMARKABLE HEADDRESS OF A CHINESE BRIDE.

Thankfulness and Murmuring.

Some murmur, when their sky is clean
  And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
  In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
  If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
  The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
  In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
  And all good things denied?
And hearts in poorest huts admire
  How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
  Such rich provision made.

—Archbishop Trench.

A Pastor's Mistaken Notion.

(By 'Uncle Boston.')

It was in a little Minnesota town. I had been invited to conduct a two days' Sunday-school institute with the little church. Invitations to neighboring Sunday-schools had been extended. The institute resulted in renewed activity along Sunday-school and missionary lines. Doctrinal and practical subjects were freely discussed.

Two hours were given to the question of systematic and proportionate giving. The subject was opened by a young farmer in a well written paper on 'The Lord's Treasury in Our Homes.' He modestly related his experience of securing a nice little box labeling it 'The Lord's Treasury'; he then told how he and his good wife knelt in prayer and promised the Lord to place in the box ten cents of every dollar coming into their hands, and to do so when they received any money; he told of how wonderfully they had been blessed in every way; how it was not long before they were not satisfied and increased it to fifteen cents of every dollar; he said nothing in all their religious life had given himself and his wife such real joy.

During the discussion which followed, his pastor testified to the fact that this man, who was not wealthy, only an ordinary farmer, was not only the most liberal contributor in support of his own church, but always responded most liberally to every worthy appeal for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom throughout the world. The blush which came over the young farmer's face, (of course farmers can blush), showed how unexpected were such kind words in so public a place.

The conductor of the institute called for testimonies from all who were setting apart at least one-tenth of their income for the Lord's work; not more than six of the two hundred present responded; but the six bore testimony to the joy and satisfaction received from having a 'Lord's treasury' in their homes. It was the privilege of the conductor to add his testimony after having had such a treasury in his home for several years, and that there had never come a worthy appeal that did not find funds ready for the Lord's call.

During the discussion it was earnestly recommended that at least four leading objects outside of state convention work, should be presented to every church and Sunday-school, at least once a year.

I was entertained at the parsonage. At the noon hour the pastor addressed the following remarks to the Sunday-school missionary: 'It may be well enough for you to talk about our churches taking a collection every year for the Missionary Union, Publication Society, Home Mission Society, and Christian education. If I did that in my church my salary would lack several hundred dollars of being paid, and the Lord knows how hard it is for me to get what I now do. The Church now owes me more than one hundred dollars.'

'I quickly saw the good man was making the same mistake that scores of other pastors make. So I said to him:

'I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will prepare the best sermon or address you possibly can, on the work of our Missionary Union and at the morning service give your people an opportunity to give what they want to for foreign missions; then three months later preach on the work of our Publication Society and let your people that Sunday morning contribute for this cause; then three months later do your level best in a similar manner for our Home Mission Society; then three months later instruct your people in the same way and take an offering for Christian education, I will agree in twelve months from this time, to send you a draft for every cent that is due on your salary. My salary is the only income that I have, and that is not large by any means, but I will do as I agree if you will faithfully do as I suggest.' He quickly agreed.

The year passed. The pastor was attending the association. No sooner did he lay eyes on me than he began:

'Well, Uncle Boston, are you ready to give me that cheque for deficiency in my salary!' My heart sank for a moment; but I was willing to stand by my promise, so I said: 'Did you faithfully carry out your part of the agreement?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I made the best preparation I could, and gave my morning congregations a chance to respond to the four objects you named.'

'Then,' said I, 'let me know how much is due on your salary, and I will send you a draft for the amount on my return home.' I waited anxiously for his reply, and these were his words:

'I have been a pastor for twenty years, and never has my salary been paid so promptly as during the past year. My church does not owe me one cent, and better than that, there is a most delightful missionary atmosphere prevailing among my people. I never had so many baptisms in any single year of my ministry. My people very generally have established a Lord's treasury in their homes — so has their pastor. I want to thank you for your suggestion made at our Sunday-school institute a year ago.'

This incident is founded upon fact, and is simply an illustration of what would result in hundreds of our churches if pastors would only instruct their people and give them an opportunity to contribute for our leading missionary enterprise.—'The Standard.'

Correspondence

Our first letter this week is from 'May,' of Glen Robertson, and belongs to the January set. Then 'Fred' begins our February letters with an account of the Band of Hope at White Oak.

Glen Robertson.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, in the County of Glengarry, about a mile from the village of Glen Robertson, on a farm where we keep horses and cows, and in the summer we milk six or seven cows, which a cousin from Montreal takes great pleasure in bringing home from the pasture to get milked. This cousin of ours comes up in the summer in vacation, and generally spends the most of his vacation with us in the country. I have three pets, a horse, a dog, and a cat. The horse I call Polly, she is very quiet, and will let little children on her back and we can go anywhere for a drive with her and drive ourselves. When we go for a ride the dog is generally watching for us, for we take him in the sleigh, and he seems to enjoy the ride as much as we. My cat is a jet black one, with one white spot on her throat. When she is out she climbs on the side of the door and rattles the door-knob till we let her in. We call her Pussy, and the dog we call Rover. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and enjoy it very much, especially the page for boys and girls and for little folks, also the correspondence page. My father and mother used to take it long ago, and found it a great messenger, for they were far from a church, and almost in the midst of the forest; where there were but few neighbors, and those were far away. The church is far away from us still and we have no Sunday-school, as there are very few Protestants around the neighborhood. We have a quarry on our farm, which in the summer has water in it, and we go and bathe there, and enjoy it very much. I am fourteen years old, and like reading. Your friend, MAY.

White Oak, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little Band of Hope boy, eight years old, and would like to tell you about our Band of Hope. We call it the Westminster Band of Hope. Aunty is the superintendent, and Mr. Janes president, we have a room in Mr. Dealy's house. We hold our meetings on Monday evenings.

Miss Browne plays the organ and helps us to sing and reads us stories about little boys, Mrs. Welsh tells us stories about good boys, she says she hopes we will not sow any bad seeds, and that we must pray for help. We sign our names to three cards. On the red one we promise, relying on God's help, to abstain from the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. On the white one we promise to make a sincere endeavor, seeking God's help, to abstain from profanity in every form, and on the blue one we promise to abstain from the use of tobacco, in any form. The reason we have three cards is that some of the boys could not promise not to swear, so Aunty thought of this plan and so all the boys signed the pledge. Aunty gives us ribbons. Red, white and blue, to match the cards.

Aunty takes the 'Northern Messenger' for the Band of Hope. Mother takes it, too, and reads the stories to us. We enjoy them very much. I hope you will not think this letter too long. Would you like me to write another some time?

FRED.

Wallace Bay, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My eldest brother (fifteen years old), takes the 'Messenger,' and my youngest brother and I read it, and we like it very much. We went to school until Christmas vacation, but it has been too cold and stormy since, so we have to study at home the same studies we had at school. My mother took the 'Messenger' a long time ago, and she has some of them yet. My father is a farmer. I like to live on a farm. We boys each have a pair of steers of our own. We have three horses, one twenty-three years old in the spring (and smart and good to work yet), and a colt which we are breaking in this winter along side the old one. In the summer my little brother and I team the horse to pitch off the hay and grain in the barn, with a double harpoon fork, and we like it first-rate. We like to ride horse-back. J. B. P.

(Aged twelve years.)

Montreal Annex.

Dear Editor, — On my last birthday my mamma gave me the 'Northern Messenger,' I like it very much. My papa, (who is a school-master), likes it for the Sunday-school lesson. Papa takes the 'Witness,' I like the Children's Corner and the Boys' Page. When I finish reading the 'Messengers,' I send them to a lady out in the North-West, who is a missionary teacher. I know another lady who has taught the Indians for five years on the Mackenzie River. I am ten years old. I remain your faithful little reader,

MYRTLE.

Dawson Settlement, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old, I go to school summer and winter. I have only lost a day and a half this term, and that was because I froze my fingers. I have been going to school four years, and now I read in the third book. I have no sisters but I have five brothers. The two oldest wash the dishes and milk the cows, and I bring in the wood. Good bye, your affectionate friend,

JACK.

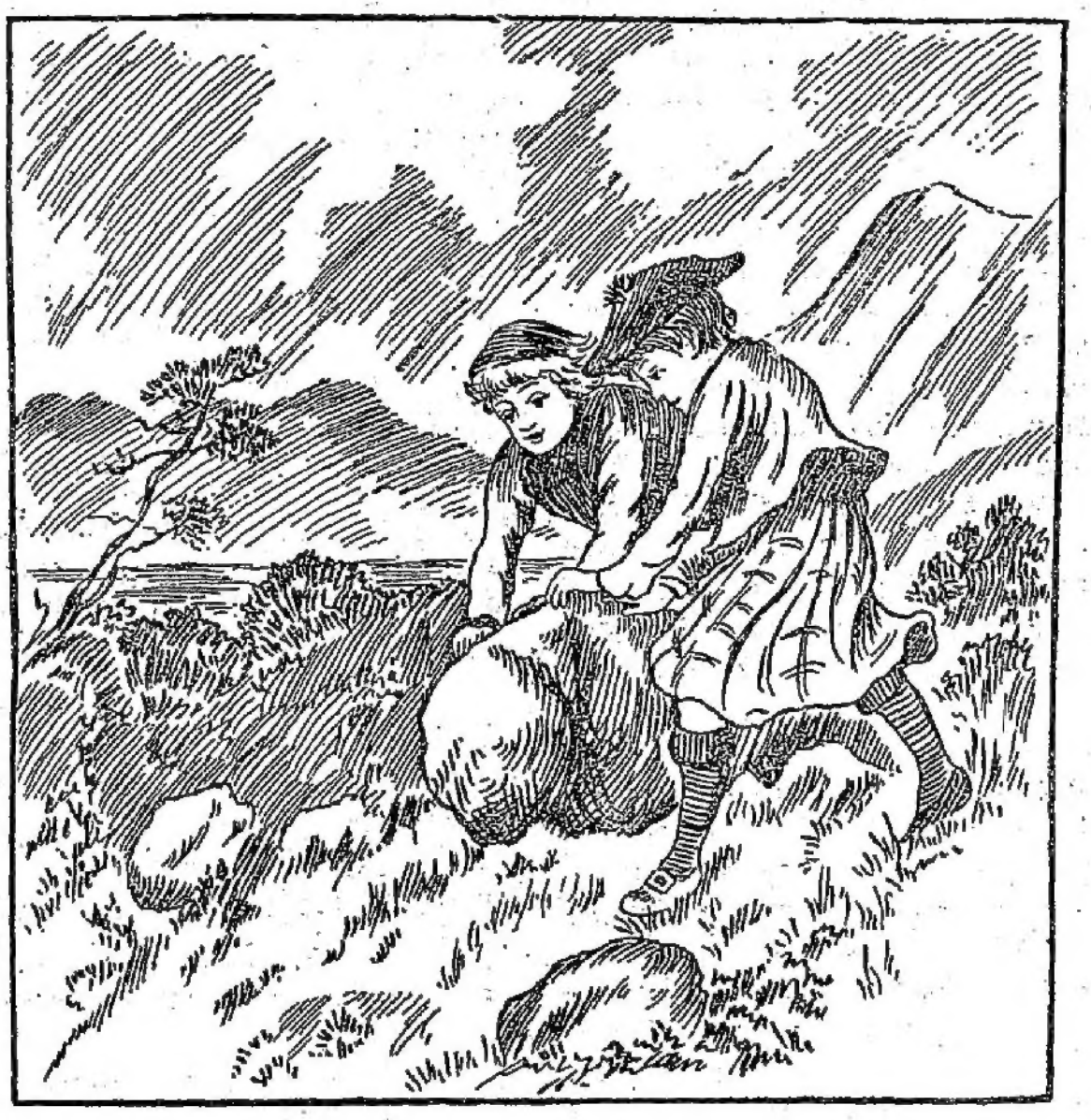
A Rolling Stone.

'Where are you going to spend to-morrow afternoon, Harry Vane?' asked Tom Kelly one summer day, of his favorite schoolfellow.

It was Friday, and they were on their way home from school.

'Anywhere you like—where are you going?' was Harry's reply.

'Let's go up to the top of Ben Cruachan and roll stones down into the quarry,' proposed Tom; for these boys lived in the West Highlands, in the beautiful village of



Taynuilt, at the foot of that high mountain called Ben Cruachan.

The Saturday afternoon was bright and sunny, and the two boys met at the beautiful 'Bridge of Awe,' and began their ascent of the mountain with merry hearts and glad young voices

Sometimes they raced and chased each other through the long heather, as the little lambs do in the fields, and once or twice they discovered, with keen eyes, a tiny opening in the bank of the steam, the bed of which they were following, and they stepped softly up and looked in with great delight and approval, on a pretty nest containing five wee blue-spotted eggs. Both Tom and Harry had been taught by Christian parents to regard with love and reverence all the wonderful and beautiful works of God; they would have considered it a sin against God (as indeed it would have been) to give wilful or reckless pain to the meanest of His creatures. So they just peeped into the pretty nests and left them, with a kindly chirrup of encouragement to the mother birdie, who, you may be sure, was not far off.

'Now for some fun,' shouted Harry, as they reached a high slope from which they looked down towards the deep stone quarry, into which they intended to roll the very biggest stone they could manage to move with their united strength. Oh, it was delightful to watch the stones rolling along, slowly at first, gathering speed and force from the increasing momentum of their descent, then bounding and leaping over the scrubby heather, till they fell with a mighty splash into the deep pool at the bottom of the quarry. As the third great stone went leaping along the boys uttered a shout of glee, then Harry seized Tom by the arm with a look of sudden terror:

'Oh, Tom! That big stone has moved the Brander Rock! Oh, look! What shall we do?'

It was too true; the mighty mass of hard graystone, many tons in weight, had been resting insecurely, as it appeared, on a bottom of little round pebbles, and a violent blow from the stone rolled down by the boys was all it needed to set it in motion.

With pale, scared faces they watched the mighty rock toppling slowly, and rocking for an instant, then it began to thunder down the mountain-side with fearful velocity. It crushed into a flat pulp several poor unfortunate sheep that had not been quick enough to get out of its way. A group of young saplings, larches, and planes stood in its course; it tore them from their roots as if they had been soft sedge-lilies, and thundered on, leaving a fearful tail of destruction in its wake. The boys watched it with terror-struck fascination Oh, if it had only dropped into the quarry! they thought, in their sick fear of the mischief it might do.

'There, there! it is going straight down into Loch Awe!' said Harry in accents of glad relief, and Tom drew a long breath of thankfulness.

It tore through the little wood at the base of the mountain, clearing a way for itself as it rolled, and instead of dropping into Loch Awe, as the boys fully expected it to do, it settled quietly down on the highway, the huge bulk completely blocking the road.

'The supervisor can't get down to Bonawe to pay the men to-day,' said Tom, quaintly shaking his head.

'And big Duncan M'Intyre will have no money for his Saturday dram,' replied Harry.

Crouching behind some bushes, they watched a little pony-trap approaching the great mass of rock. They could see the man look carefully from side to side, but it was quite impossible to pass—the rock overhung the loch on one side, and extended across the broken dyke into the wood on the other.

The supervisor and his man thought it was a great landslip that had dislodged the rock from its place.

Had those two little boys of twelve years stood before them and told them the truth they would hardly have believed it. It would have seemed to them impossible that a boy's frail hand could have hurled that

ponderous mass down from the summit of Ben Cruachan, yet so it was. The supervisor sent the man and dog-cart to Dalmally and made his way on foot to Bonawe to pay his men, so I am afraid 'Big Duncan' got his dram after all. The boys went home quietly, and kept their secret.

Men were sent on the Monday morning to blast the rock with gunpowder, and roll the fragments into Loch Awe, that the highway might be cleared, so there they remain to this day. The two boys kept their secret well, and to this day people will talk of the great rock that rolled down from Ben Cruachan and blocked the highway, never thinking that four little hands wrought all the mischief. Harry Vane grew up a good Christian man, and I have often heard him illustrate a temperance lecture with the story of the 'little stone that set the big one a-rolling.' The two boys were able to start it but powerless to stop it. Boys that read my true story, connect it with the whiskey-shop at the corner, and think it out for yourselves; you will soon find out what he meant.

The Gospel Car.

Father's throat was very bad. The doctor said that the best plan was to live all winter in some warm, dry climate.

Father wanted to get well. That was how he and mother and Tom found themselves, before the first touch of cold, down in Texas on a ranch.

Tom thought it great fun. He had never felt so free in his life. The blue skies seemed miles deep, and the quickest scamper across the plains on his pony wouldn't bring those purple mountains any nearer.

Best of all, father grew better every day.

Every morning Tom's smiling face waited at the station for the mail. The station-master was postmaster, too, for miles round. This daily mail, with its precious letters, was the only thing that recalled the great world of people they had left.

One day Tom saw a car sidetracked at the station, with a crowd around it. With a vision of tramps or train-robbers caught, Tom urged his pony on.

As he came nearer, he heard the men singing, while some one in the car led 'Rock of Ages.' Soon Tom's clear soprano was helping, as it did in the choir at home.

Then the old man in the car preached. Tom told his mother afterwards that he never felt so queer as when Long Dick beside him began to cry.

'It makes me think of home,' said Long Dick to Tom. 'I haven't been any too good since I left it But I mean to be straight now.'

Tom never forgot that service by the Gospel car, nor the thought it gave him; that Christ's religion isn't to be kept in churches, preached only from pulpits, and sung only to great organs; but it must go over the world—broad plains and dreary mountains; wherever there is a soul to love Christ.—'Sunbeam.'

Ruby's Lesson.

(By Miss Louise Ford.)

'Ruby, Ruby!' called Mrs. Leeds in a warning tone as she spied her small flyaway climbing up into the market waggon in front of the house, while the man had gone in with his goods.

'What if the horse should start!' she thought in alarm, and hurried towards Ruby.

Ruby saw her coming and remembered the many, many warnings she had had about this very thing.

It was too late to turn back the way she came, so over the seat she went in a great hurry, and down the back among the market baskets she climbed, and jumped over the tailboard.

But, alas! If it had only been Robbie, he would have come out all right, for he had on pants; but Ruby's little new pink gingham was very strong and held on tight to a big box of eggs which came right along after her and went splash at her feet in the dust and dirt!

How frightened she was! Five dozen broken eggs at twenty-five cents a dozen, which mamma said she must pay for, herself, and the new dress she was going to wear to school for the first time, all streak-with yellow, and fit only for the washtub? It was a pretty hard lesson to learn all at once, but Ruby had to learn it, hard as it was.

The tears came pretty fast, and the naughty little girl took mamma's scolding as quietly as possible amid her sobs, and then promised for the twentieth time at least:

'I will try to remember, mamma. I'm going to be your bestest girl now, sure!'

She got out her little red pocketbook and counted the pennies she had been saving so carefully towards a new ring. There were just twenty-two.

'Must I take these, mamma?' she asked anxiously; then seeing the look on mamma's face she said quickly:—

'Yes, I'm going to; it's all my own fault, and I'm going to punish myself!'

How hard she did work to earn that dollar and twenty-five cents! It seemed such a lot of money for a little girl to get:

Grandma gave her some pretty envelopes and she sold them to the children, two for a cent. Miss Bess, the dressmaker, had errands for her to do, and Mrs. Lewis, next door, hired her to bring her milk every day; so by and by, little by little, the whole amount was raised, and very proudly Ruby gave it to her mother, and the mischief was paid for.

It would seem as if Ruby gained nothing by all this, for broken eggs are not really worth as much to a little girl as five silver quarters would be, but in spite of this she did gain something that lasted a long time and perhaps did her more good than even the pretty ring she longed for.

Can you guess what it was?—'Mayflower.'

A Beautiful Thought.

(By Bishop Doane.)

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel-dream passed o'er him.
He carved the dream on the shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision:
With heaven's own light the sculptor stood—
He had caught the 'Angel Vision.'

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life-dream passes o'er us:
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauties shall be our own
Our lives that 'Angel Vision.'

—'Little Pilgrim.'

Catechisms for Little Water-drinkers.

(By Julia Coleman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON I.—THE DRINKING-HOUSE.

(In Concert.)

There is a little drinking-house,
That everyone can close;
The door that leads into this house,
Is just beneath the nose.

1. What do we call the drinking-house in this country?

The saloon. Rum-shop.

2. Why should we wish to close it?

So that no one can go in to get a drink of liquor.

3. Why, then, do we not close it?

Because so many people want the liquor.

4. What is the door of this little drinking-house that every one can close?

The mouth. (Motion.)

5. Why should we close that?

To keep the liquor out. (Motion.)

6. Why should we keep it out?

Because there is a poison in it called alcohol.

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard M. Ingham, Secretary Non-partizan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON I.—A BEAUTIFUL MACHINE.

1. What is the finest machine you ever saw?

(The children will answer differently. One may say a watch; another a locomotive; a third, some great engine.)

2. Well, let us talk about one of these machines. What is wonderful about a watch?

It is so delicate, with such tiny wheels and fine little springs, and they move so perfectly to keep the exact time.

3. And what is wonderful about the locomotive or the engine?

They are so strong, and have so many different parts, each fitted to the rest. And they move so quietly and easily, and do such heavy work.

4. What care would you think necessary to those machines?

They must be perfectly cared for. The engine must be kept clean and its machinery oiled, and the watch must be kept from rough handling and from dust.

5. What would you think of a man who poured water over all the beautiful machinery of his engine and left it to rust, or dropped strong acids into his watch to eat out the fine springs and wheels?

I should think such a man must be crazy. He ought never to have a watch or an engine.

6. What machine have you that is more wonderful than a watch or an engine?

(The children will probably wonder and question for some time before they comprehend that their bodies are the machine meant. Let them talk freely about it and they will be all attention when the teacher goes on.)

7. What gives shape to this beautiful machine of yours?

The bones which make a frame for the whole body.

8. How is the body moved.

By the muscles, which cover the bones and give a graceful roundness to the body.

9. What tells the muscles when and how to move?

The nerves, which are like little telegraph wires running all over the body.

10. Who made this beautiful machine?

God made it, as his last and best work.

11. What care should be given this machine?

It should be kept clean and pure, and should be carefully fed.

12. What would you think of the man who every day pours into this machine what will injure and destroy it?

That he is a very foolish and wicked man. He has no right to harm the beautiful work of God.

Hints to Teachers.

Let this first lesson be largely a free conversation, in which the marvels of the body's construction should be pointed out. Let the children examine their hands, with their perfect and complicated machinery, the exquisite joints, the fitting of thumb to fingers enabling them to grasp and hold whatever they wish, and the delicate nerves of feeling at the finger tips. So with other parts of the body. And impress the duty of care of this machine.

How to Spend Sixpence.

One day, at the National Prohibition Convention, Mr. Thomas Whittaker, J.P., of Scarborough, was introduced by the chairman as going to achieve the record of his life 'by making a speech in three minutes.' Mr. Whittaker said he would give them a little piece of history. They were not far from Castle Garth. A meeting of temperance friends met once in a temperance hotel, and they sent Thomas Wilcke, one of their members, in to examine his head—phrenology was coming to the front then, and a good deal was thought about bumps—to see if he was equal to speaking from the waggon alone. The report was favorable, and they then got into the waggon with him. At that meeting a man in the crowd called out, 'Look here, canny man!' I looked there—he was drunk. 'Look here canny man!' I looked again. 'A quart of ale is better than a quart of water for a working man.' I said, 'Say it again, brother, say it again.' I was not quite ready for him. He did so, and then Mr. Whittaker said, 'You have not put it right. A quart of ale in that hand costs you sixpence; a quart of water in this, costs you nothing. To start fair you must have sixpence in the hand where the water is.' George Charlton, the butcher, was in the waggon. I said, 'Now, take the sixpence and go to my friend George Charlton's and ask him to give you as nice a piece of steak for fourpence as he can. Then go to Mrs. Bell, next door, and get a pennyworth of nice potatoes. On your way home go into a baker's and get a pennyworth of bread. Now, you have spent your sixpence. I hope your wife can cook the potatoes and beefsteak, and serve it hot with a hot plate and a little pepper and salt, and while you are eating your beefsteak and hot potatoes, tell me, waggon-men of Newcastle, whether a quart of ale is better for a hard-working man than a quart of water. And the multitude cried out, "Beefsteak for ever!" '—'Temperance Record.'

Don't Begin it, Boys.

A Hartford paper says: 'There is a young lad in this city who has a good place, and attends faithfully to his duties. He had one bad habit, and that was chewing tobacco, in which he indulged more freely than men who had chewed for fifty years. Last Saturday a gentleman offered the boy five dollars if he would quit chewing for a year. Another followed suit, and a third, all signing their names to a paper agreeing to give the same sum. The boy said he would win the money, washed his mouth and began right away. Sunday he felt badly, and Monday he was worse. Tuesday he shook and trembled like a man with the delirium tremens, and yesterday he was confined to his bed, from which he has got up, and it will take some time before the effects of the poison in his system can be worked out. Just think of it, boys. So young, and yet a slave to this vile tobacco.'

Missionaries and Wine Drinking.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, in an interesting article on 'Temperance and foreign missions,' in the Boston 'Congregationalist,' once wrote:

'Mission churches have lost some of their most useful members through drunkenness, and even gifted pastors have been deposed for the same cause. In a city of Southern China, not long before I visited it, a native preacher and teacher, one of the very best, probably excelled by one only in the whole empire, became a drunkard, was deposed from the ministry and cut off from the church on account of his sin. When the trial was concluded the offender asked liberty to say a few words. This being granted, he spoke as follows: 'I find no fault with the sentence that has been passed upon me. It is right. I have disgraced the church and the ministry, and have brought odium upon the Christian religion from pagans all about us. But I wish to say that I did not begin to drink for my own pleasure. I had much work to do, teaching school during the week and preaching on Sunday. Sometimes I was almost too tired to finish. One of the missionaries who has sat in judgment upon me to-day, told me to drink a glass of 'wine,' (a native spirit) on such occasions, saying that he himself frequently did it. I followed his advice, and now I can never do anything for Jesus, whom I love. It may do for missionaries to drink 'wine,' but not for us Chinese. I want to ask all the missionaries never to tell any other native pastor to drink 'wine,' to help him through his work.

'Somebody's.'

(Rae. Mc. Rae.)

[As the writer involuntarily shrank from contact with a man lying in a drunken sleep on the pavement of our largest city, the friend at his side whispered, 'Somebody's.']

Somebody's baby, with laughing eyes,
Dimpled cheeks, and a brow of snow,
Gladdening the weary mother's heart
At her daily toil—that was long ago.

Somebody's boy coming in from school,
With back-thrown masses of clustering hair,
Smoothed by a tender mother-touch,
Followed by earnest mother-prayer.

Somebody's lover, an eager youth,
'Just a trifle fast, but that's nought, my dear,'
So friends whispered, and she, with a woman's faith,
Gave her life to his keeping, without fear.

Somebody's husband, lying prone
On the pavement foul, with a bloated face,
Turned to the light of the midnight moon,
Vanished, of manhood every trace.

Lying there, in a drunken sleep,
While 'Somebody,' faithful, despite all wrong,
Sends up to heaven the martyr cry,
'How long, oh pitying Christ! how long?'

LESSON XI. — MARCH 13.

The Wheat and the Tares.

Matt. xiii., 24-30: 36-43. Read whole chapter. Memory verses, 37-39.

Golden Text.

'He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man.'—Matt. xiii., 37.

Home Readings.

M. Matt. xiii., 1-23.—'Behold a sower went forth to sow.'
T. Matt. xiii., 24-43. — The wheat and the tares.
W. Matt. xiii., 44-58.—Parables of the kingdom of heaven.
Th. Matt. iii., 1-12.—'Whose fan is in his hand.'
F. Matt. xxiv., 1-14. — 'Then shall the end come.'
S. Matt. xxv., 31-46.—'The Son of Man. . . . in his glory.'
S. Dan. xii., 1-13.—'They that be wise shall shine.'

Lesson Story.

The kingdom of heaven is likened to a man who sowed good seed in his field, but at night, while everyone was sleeping, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat. When the wheat sprang up and began to grow the tares also sprang up and grew fast. Then the servants of the householder were much astonished, and asked him how the tares could have come there. He knew that it was the work of an enemy, but he did not allow his servants to try to pull up the weeds lest they should root up the wheat at the same time. He allowed them to grow together in the field until harvest time, then commanded the reapers to gather first the tares and bind them in bundles to be burned. After that to gather the wheat into his barns.

The disciples came to Jesus to ask what this parable meant. Jesus replied, 'He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man; the field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one; the enemy that soweth them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.'

As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of the world. The Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Lesson Hymn.

All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O Lord of Life, that we,
Holy grain, and pure, may be,

For we know that thou wilt come,
And wilt take thy people home;
From Thy field wilt purge away,
All that doth offend, that day;
And Thine angels charge, at last,
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store,
In Thy garner evermore.

Lesson Hints.

Read over chapters xii. and xiii., all these events and teachings took place on the same day, the Sabbath of which we learned in our last lesson. These are the first recorded parables. Great multitudes followed our Lord down to the seaside to hear him. He stepped into a fisherman's boat which was lying near the shore, and sat there teaching the people. He spoke eight parables at this time, and to his disciples he explained two of them that they might comprehend more fully the character of the kingdom of which they had become citizens. We learn from them to go to Jesus for the explanation of his own word.

'Parable'—a true story with a meaning. An illustration of eternal truths from every day life.

'Good seed'—Christ sows only good seed, that which has life in it. The children of the kingdom must be filled with life, the life and nature of Jesus.

'While men slept'—the devil always works slyly and in the dark, he is sowing temptation and sorrow for us when we are least on our guard.

'Tares'—a bitter, poisonous grass, growing in Palestine.

'Fruit'—by their fruit ye shall know them, (Matt. vii., 20.) What kind of fruit are you bearing? The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meakness, temperance, (Gal. v., 22, 23.)

'Then appeared the tares'—the results of evil actions do not always appear at once, but sooner or later they are bound to bear fruit somewhere.

'An enemy hath done this' — enemies of Christ are constantly sowing evil seeds, evil thoughts, words and actions. The devil sows hypocrites and worldlings in amongst the Christians. It is not our place to seek to root them out, we might easily make a mistake and root up some of God's precious wheat. God allows them all to grow together until the harvest time.

'To burn them'—no words can express the awfulness of the fate which awaits those who continually and persistently reject God's love and mercy. (John v., 28, 29: Mark ix., 43-48.)

Primary Lesson.

What would we do without bread? In every part of the world some kind of bread is made. In some countries the bread is brown or black and has not a very pleasant taste, but a great deal of it is eaten.

In our country we have beautiful white bread made of wheat. You who live in the country know how beautiful the fields are, full of the ripe standing wheat. But where do we get this bread that is so useful and nourishing to us?

Early in the spring the farmer ploughs his field, and in the freshly turned earth he plants those tiny grains of wheat which seem so little and useless. But God sends the rain and the sunshine to make those seeds grow, and because they have in them a tiny, tiny germ of life, they sprout up and grow into beautiful plants. Then by and by they begin to bear fruit, and when the fruit or grain is quite ripe, it is gathered in and made ready to be used for bread.

But there is something else that grows well in good ground, and that is weeds. Did you ever see fields full of thistles and briars? They were pretty to look at, but they were not useful. The farmers do not like them because they make such a lot of trouble, they spread so quickly and they take up the room of useful plants, and they are apt to choke the wheat. These weeds could not be made into bread or cakes or anything useful and good to eat.

Which would you rather be, wheat or weeds? Useful and good and sweet, or bitter and useless and always in the way?

Of course it does not take you a moment to decide which you would rather be. Weeds are only fit to be burned.

If you are one of God's dear children who love him and try to obey him always, then you are already a little grain of wheat, something that God can use to bear beautiful fruit of sweetness and love.

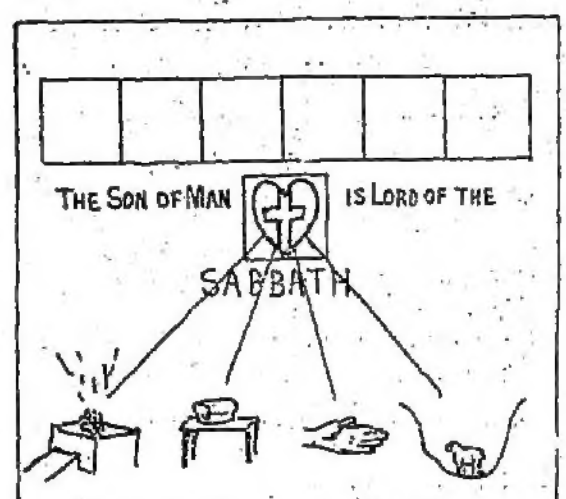
You do not want to be an ugly little weed that is no use to anyone and that will bear bitter and poisonous fruit, do you? If you do not belong to Jesus, give him your heart to-day, tell him you love him and will obey him. And he will put his life and nature into you, so that you, too, will bear beautiful fruit, and at last be gathered by the angels into the glorious home where we will be with our loving Saviour, forevermore.

Suggested Hymns.

'What shall the harvest be,' 'Sowing in the morning,' 'Scatter seeds of kindness,' 'Scatter sunshine,' 'O where are the reapers?' 'Go work in my vineyard,' 'Go, labor on,' 'God make my life a little light,'

The Lesson Illustrated.

Jesus and the Sabbath.—Jesus is Lord of the six days, too, but the Sabath is in especial sense his, to be used in drawing near to him. Yet, this fully understood, does not narrow the life on that day, but enables the body to take off its armor and rest, the soul to lift up its eyes to the greater things of eternity. Four things are permitted on the Sabbath. The altar, representing labor in the temple to-day, stands for the instructors in pulpit, class and home, who minister to the soul's needs. The table with its bread, representing the shewbread, rightly used for



David's hunger, stands to-day for the reasonable ministering to the needs of the body. neither feast nor fast; but for the good of man and the glory of God. These are works of necessity, while the withered hand healed by Jesus, and the lamb in the pit will represent mercy. To a loving heart, mercy and necessity, though, are but two views of the same thing.

'The Sabbath was made for man,' let us rejoice: man for 'the Lord of the Sabbath,' let us rejoice still more, and use the day as one of his chiefest blessings, that in it we may magnify him.

Practical Points.

Mar. 13.—Matt xiii., 24-30, 36-43.

A. H. CAMERON.

The Lord doeth all things well, whether it be the sowing of his seed in the heart, or his planting the Church on the earth. Verses 24, 37. The devil works hard while the Christian sleeps. Verses 25, 39. The Christian must be in the world, but not of the world. The wheat can have no fellowship with the tares. Verses 26, 38. It is not profitable to spend much time discussing the origin of evil. The proper study of mankind is God, in whom there is no evil. Verses 27, 28. The servants' inquiry of verse 28 was very much like that of James and John in Luke ix., 54, but God is merciful and longsuffering. Verse 29. God's ways are better than ours, and he alone can separate the wheat from the tares. Verses 30, 40. They who die impenitent cannot escape the clutch of the destroying angels. Verses 41, 42. They who twinkle as stars in the service of Christ, shall hereafter shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their heavenly Father. Verse 43.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Mar. 13.—How to keep the Christian Endeavor pledge.'—Mat. xxv., 14-30.

The Importance of Visiting.

The teacher as a visitor will be astonished at the way in which doors will swing open to his touch. 'He who has his hand on the head of a child has it on the heart of the mother.' Freddie's teacher has a welcome to the home which no one else enjoys, and Freddie's own dignity and sense of importance are wonderfully increased when his teacher calls. One rule about visiting is never to be forgotten. If it is impossible for you to call often at the homes of your scholars, be sure that you go once. You cannot understand the child's blessings or the child's temptations unless you see the child's home, and realize what influences are at work there to help or to hinder you in your efforts to build up the youthful character. Perhaps in calling at the homes of your pupils it may be your happy privilege to invite the parents to attend the church services. Many a little child coming into the Sunday-School has been the means of bringing a whole family to church.—Mrs. A. F. Schauffler, in *Dr. Peloubet's* 'Senior Quarterly.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Two Birthdays.

(By Mrs. M. W. Robinson.)

'It's always just so. There's always some reason why I can't have a nice birthday. You promised me, or the same as'—and Nellie buried her head forlornly in the sofa cushion.

'I'm dreadfully sorry, Nellie,' answered her mother. 'You know that. I thought last spring, when John had his birthday party, that of course you could have one now. But I simply cannot take the money. Your father's out of work, and no knowing when he will get any. We've just got to save every cent for rent and victuals, and that's all there is about it.'

'Well, what can I do? Isn't there something else? All the other girls'—

'O dear! Nellie, I don't know of anything. I wish I did. I can't even get you a present. Mamma's sorry as can be, but that doesn't do any good.'

Just then a step sounded on the porch and Nellie stopped crying to listen. It was Mrs. Jenks, a neighbor, and she had come to ask Nellie to a party. Her little boy's birthday was on the same day as Nellie's, and though he was smaller than most of the children in the neighborhood, his mother wanted them all to come.

Nelie dried her tears altogether. To go to a party wasn't half so nice as to have one, but far better than nothing. But what was mamma saying?

'Thank you, Mrs. Jenks. Nellie would like so much to go, but I'm afraid it won't be convenient to-morrow. I'm very sorry.'

What could it mean? Not go? Why not? Her white dress was pretty and clean. Did not her mother love her at all?

'It's too bad, Nellie,' she said, when the door had closed, 'but you wouldn't want to go without making a present, and there's no money to buy one.'

That view of the case had not occurred to the child.

'Maybe they won't all take presents. O mamma,' she pleaded, 'please do let me go!'

'Yes, they will; they always do.'

'Isn't there something in the house that I could take?'

'I'm sure I don't know of a single thing. We've little enough ourselves. It's no use, Nellie. Just give it up and run out to play. Mamma pities you, dear. Maybe — sometime'—

Nellie ran out to a dark corner of the old barn, and she really thought her little heart would break. She wasn't old enough to realize how sore her mamma's heart was at disappointing her. If she had been I think she would have pitied her mamma almost as much as she did herself. She hadn't lived long enough, either to learn that 'sun always follows shadow,' and to know that bright and happy days would come to her again before long. No, she thought that everything bright and happy had suddenly come to an end, and never would begin again. Once in a while she felt a little speck of hope that mamma would change her mind to-morrow. But I am sorry to say that mamma didn't, so poor little Nellie fretted and moped and listened to the happy voices of the children at the party as they played on the lawn, till her head ached dreadfully, and she went to bed in a dark room.

A little farther down the street lived Alice Mason. She and Nellie had always thought it one of the queerest things in the world that their birthdays happened to come on the same day, and they called themselves 'twins,' though Nellie was two years the older. Nellie's mamma was not acquainted with Alice's, which was a pity, because she might have learned from her ideas which would have helped both Nellie and herself. Alice's mamma could have shown her how loving thoughtfulness and painstaking care can take the place of money in making children happy.

Alice's father had been out of work longer than Nellie's had, and her mother felt anxious, too, about the winter that wasn't far ahead, and how they should get enough coal and food and shoes to carry them through. But she tried to be brave and to trust in God, and she said, 'Anyway, the children mustn't lose all their pleasure.' So when Alice's birthday drew near, she remarked, cheerily, 'I'm afraid, dear, I can't give you the party we planned to have, but you can ask the two girls next door to a nice little lunch, and use your own beautiful dishes.' And Alice thought that would be an excellent substitute for a party.

Then mamma set her wits to work, because Alice certainly must have some presents, and it wouldn't do to spend a cent in buying any. She rummaged in a trunk and found a piece of linen lawn, fine and sheer, and made the nicest little empire apron you can imagine. Then, after hunting a while longer, she discovered something out of which she made a dainty little hemstitched handkerchief, with 'A' embroidered in the corner. Alice's older sister, Kate, made a new dress and cap for the big doll, Gladys, and when Alice found these things beside her plate at breakfast time, she never dreamed that she wasn't a rich little girl instead of a poor one.

When the lunch was served, everything was so dainty, and the dishes of pale blue 'real china,' decorated with little ivy leaves, were so pretty, that nobody noticed that there were only the very simplest kinds of food, and only a little of each kind. Alice poured the tea herself from the tiny teapot. Kate helped wait on the children, and it was a great success.

Mrs. Mason had intended to take her little daughter to the park in the afternoon to see the fishes and play by the fountain, though it was rather a long walk. But of course the little boy's mamma, who invited Nellie to the party, asked Alice, too; and her mother said: 'Why, yes; Alice will be delighted to go! It's her birthday, too.' For, you see, it was a great day for birthdays in that neighborhood.

'What will Alice take for a present, mamma?' said Kate.

Mamma thought in her heart, as most sensible women do, that the practice of always taking a present to a birthday party was a foolish one, but, also like most women, she didn't wish to send Alice without one, so she replied, 'I'll think, dear, and tell you by and by.'

So by and by Kate was instructed to select some pretty plates from a flower magazine, and fit a cover for them of pasteboard, painted with a little design in watercolors; and when it was finished and tied with a bright bow of ribbon, Alice marched happily off, not at all ashamed of her present, which had cost only a little care and patience on the part of Kate and mamma.

Alice's father got work before winter, and so did Nellie's. Both little girls had shoes that winter, and several birthday parties before they grew to be young ladies. But Nellie always felt a lump in her throat and an ache in her heart when she remembered this particular birthday, and Alice used to say, 'My mother always planned in some way to make my birthdays happy.'—'Congregationalist.'

Nature and the Children.

It matters little what joys or toys or recreations we select for our children, after all those that most commend themselves to the wee folks, are such as approach most nearly to the usual avocations of grown-up men and women. This point is emphasized by Miss Katharine Beebe, a famous kindergartner, who writes:—

Most mothers will bear me out in the statement that the playthings which the baby seems to prefer are such as the clothes-basket, the wash-boiler, and the ice-cream freezer; that is, when he can get these treasures; for usually they are taken away and the little tin horse or red ball substituted in the mistaken idea that these small objects are better suited to his small hands. People think that small toys are what he really wants, that he is mistaken when he thinks he wants the baby-carriage or the foot-tub; but he is not mistaken, he wants these big things, and mothers will do well, if, as far as possible, they will allow their little folks to play with them. If, sometimes, instead of visiting a toy-shop, to buy something to amuse two-year-old they will instead go through the basement of some large department store and buy a bushel basket or a clothes-line instead of a rubber cat, they will be working on the true line of development instead of against it. I remember watching a baby boy one summer whose choicest plaything was one cylindrical cedar block left in front of the house when the street was paved. With great apparent difficulty, but with equal enjoyment, he carried it back and forth from one place to another, for all sorts of reasons. He sat on it only to rest for further exertions. His wise mother did not object to his playing with it, neither did she insist on carrying it for him. She let nature teach her as well as her little son and both were stronger and wiser for it.

Real tools with a little help while the children are learning to use them, should be a part of every home outfit. Instead of the cheap and useless tool-chests sold as toys, the real tools purchased as the child grows up to their use, will be found to yield the best results. Real gardening and real work of all sorts is play to children when they are rightly led into it.

Miss Beebe pronounces the attic the ideal playground for winter or stormy days. It may be turned into any sort of place in make-believe,—a garden, a work-shop, a gymnasium, or a school-room, — according as the child fancies. But, of course, there is nothing like out-door play, when the weather permits. Even the most expensive toys will be neglected by the youngsters when they wish to have a romp with nature, who is herself a fine playfellow at all times, and in her boisterous mood as well as when she is hushed and quiet. She sends summer showers to be enjoyed in bathing-suits! She gives ice-ponds, snowdrifts, and heaps of leaves to roll in as well as sunshine and flowers and the whole beautiful, 'Out of Doors!'—'Harper's Bazar.'

How to Make Curry.

There are curries and curries, endless in variety. One can make a superior powder at home by buying and mixing the several ingredients, and in these days, when so much we buy is adulterated, it is a satisfaction to know our curry is pure. The powder should be kept for convenience in wide-mouthed bottles, and tightly corked. The use of curry is considered very wholesome, as it is stimulating to the action of the stomach. Those unused to it should begin its use in moderation; the taste will dictate the increase in its use. It is a very simple process to make the powder. The materials should be the best, fresh as possible, pulverized and mixed. The following is the best rule I have ever yet seen, the proportions correct, and the result superior to anything that can be bought.

Best Curry Powder. — One ounce ginger, one ounce mustard, one ounce pepper, three ounces coriander seed, three ounces turmeric, one-half ounce of cardamon seeds, one ounce cayenne pepper, one-quarter ounce cinnamon, and one-quarter ounce cummin seed. One-half this amount makes sufficient for an experiment, if unaccustomed to its use.

Curried Veal. — We often see curry used with veal, for, of itself, this meat has little character, the taste unseasoned is apt to be insipid; so curry is especially adapted to give it an attractive taste. Cut up two pounds of lean veal into small pieces. Cut a large onion and one large sour apple into slices, put into a saucepan with a large spoonful of butter, and stir till browned; then stir in a small spoonful of curry powder. Add one pint of water, and the veal, season with salt. Stir carefully and well together, then cover, and cook moderately till the veal is tender; then add the juice of one lemon, turn on a hot dish, and serve with a border of rice around it.

Curried Eggs. — These make a welcome supper dish, of a cold winter's night. Make a sauce with two spoonfuls each of butter and flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one of curry powder, and a pint of milk. Into this sauce put seven hard-boiled eggs, cut lengthwise into eighths.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more to different addresses, 25c each.

Ten or more to one address, 20c each.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy: United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouses Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'